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The Last and Truest Discovery
O F T H E
POPISH-PLOT,
By RUMSEY, WEST, and other great Pa-
triots of their COUNTRY.

B ut Oh ! This late Conspiracy, so Dire
(By Providence prevented by a FIRE,)
No Age can parallel ; so Black Design
The fiercest Furies, (could not place a Mine,)
From their dark Caves, to give so great a blow,
And at one Burst, *Three Kingdoms* overthow !
Merciless Flames we'll now Innocent call,
Since FIRES allarum hath preserv'd Us all ;
Thrice Happy Fire of Providence, whose Good
Was Bon-fire for the saving Royal Blood ;
Heav'n forc'd their Safety, drove Them from that place,
That They might Live to see a longer Race.
What desperate, despairing damned Crew
Would Fell the Royal Oaks, Plant cursed Yew ?
Did Shaftsbury descend into the Pit,
And Pluto's President of War doth sit ?
Are Sheriffs, Juries, and his perjur'd Slaves,
All silent Now, as They were in their Graves ?
No ; Thou retain'st thy Counsel at the Bar,
And [Good-enough] to make a Civil War :
Tho' thou canst not return, hast none to send ?
Murder and Treason thou hast left thy Friend :
Thy Breath, O British Scylla, still remains,
Whose Poyson stagnates your ill Livers Veins ;
Thou, damn'd Achitophel, counsel'dst a Vote,
If the KING dy'd, to cut the Papists Throat ;
Nay, if a House by accident was fir'd,
From Them must reparation be requir'd.
Impostor-Hypocrites ! Invent a P L O T ,
Deceive the Mobile, and League the Scot,
Then Loyal Innocents they Guilty bring ;
Reserve the Honour yet to Kill the KING .
The Comets blaze, and the Portents, you know,
Did signify the Nations Overthrow ;
And You the Ministers of Fate must be,
The Hangmen-Murderers of ROYALTY .
No, Paracides, though you pervert the fence,
Heav'n is not pleas'd till you are hang'd from hence :

The

The Stars discover your dark PLOTS below,
 Your malice would make Heav'n Guilty too :
 Just like old Satan, when He did Rebel ;
 He once was good, You never ; mend in Hell,
 Since none but You could ever claim a Right
 By horrid Murder to eternal night :
 Had you succeeded, Oh what Seas of Blood
 Had drown'd the World, and made a second Flood !
 The Horrible Events no Man can think,
 Blood-thirsty men, with drinking, thirst for drink.
 Nothing but Death can quench their Furious Zeal ;
 No Plot nor Parliament his Acts repeal :
 Those Lies, confirm'd by Oaths and Impudence,
 Were once believ'd by Men of soundest sense :
 This, the deciding PLOT 'twixt Heav'n and Hell,
 (Though you repent not,) shall confess you fell ;
Lucifer-like, you curs'd ASSOCIATES.
 Thought your selves strong enough against the Fates.
 But Providence appears, the Fiends throws down,
 And once again the ROYAL OAK does Crown :
 How Guilt doth tremble now ! How hide and flie !
 The Innocents stood still, un-call'd, to die :
 Down with your PILLAR, there in Rubbish lie,
 The Pyramid of Truth's above the Skie :
 The Sacred Monuments of Wise and Good
 Are wash'd away from hence, like Noah's Flood ;
 But true Tradition shall never die,
 But blooming still to all Eternity.
 Let all our Prayers, incens'd by true Zeal,
Defend Us from Fanatick-Commonweal.
 Devils believe, and (when compell'd) confess,
 Yet Devils still ; Our Criminals no les :
 Not like true Penitents, confess all sin,
 They hide the worst, the Devil's still within ;
 What the Scotch-Whig dares not, these Rebels do,
 Both Will and Act into Damnation go,
 Whilst We with Prayers, Offerings of Praise,
 Send our Thanksgivings up for these past days :
 Our days were almost spent ; One minute more
 Had made Three Kingdoms like a Common-Shoar,
 Run down with Royal Blood of Purple Gore. }
 Infinite Mercy, (wonderfully shown,) }
 Preserve the ROYAL BLOOD upon the Throne ;
 And that we may have Blessings, when we sing
 Glory to GOD, Peace, Health unto the KING.